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A  
MOUNTAIN PAGEANT  
*of*  
HISTORIC TABLEAUX  
*and*  
SYMBOLIC FIGURES



*By*  
MARTHA S. GIELOW



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2001

*The story of a people lost in the Appalachians for  
nearly two hundred years, told in a*

## Mountain Pageant

OF

## Historic Tableaux and Symbolic Figures

To be accompanied with music

BY

Martha S. Gielow

AUTHOR OF

Old Andy the Moonshiner; Old Plantation Days;  
Mammy's Reminiscences, Fugitive Poems, Etc.

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This beautiful drama can be used in the interest of the work of the Southern Industrial Educational Association, of which Mrs. Gielow is founder; and all schools, clubs, churches or other organizations wishing to present something new, original, historic and educational, can secure that privilege by giving a stipulated guarantee for the benefit of the work of the Association.

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Southern Industrial Educational Association  
(Inc.)

To promote industrial education among the impoverished, uneducated  
people of the Southern Appalachian Mountains

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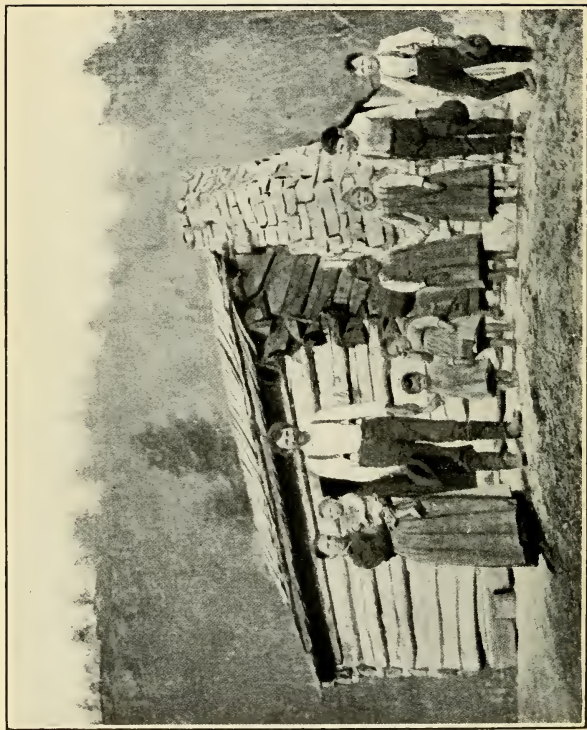
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MARTHA S. GIELOW



A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN CABIN

# A MOUNTAIN PAGEANT

—of—

HISTORIC TABLEAUX AND SYMBOLIC FIGURES.

MARTHA S. GIELOW.

*Program.*

PATRIOTIC MUSIC.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE I. THE APPALACHIANS.

SCENE II. WAR DANCE.

SCENE III. KINGS MOUNTAIN.

SCENE IV. WASHINGTON LOOKING UPON THE APPALACHIANS.

SCENE V. THE SHUT-IN CABIN HOME. (A one-act scene.)

SCENE VI. THE MOUNTAIN GIRL'S DREAM.

SCENE VII. THE SOUL OF THE MOUNTAINS.

SCENE VIII. DAWN.

PAGEANT OF MOUNTAIN SPRITES AND RESOURCES MATERIAL AND HUMAN.

1. Dance of the Fireflies.
2. Dance of the Dewdrops.
3. The Bluebells of the mountains. (Woodland fantasy with music.)
4. The Arbutus. (Flower dance.)
5. Mountain ferns.
6. The Violets.
7. The Laurel.
8. The Oak.
9. The Pine.
10. The Rhododendron.
11. The Minerals.
12. The Human.
13. Pageant of all characters. The little human still kneeling in foreground with outstretched arms in mute supplication.

CURTAIN.

(Music.)

## PROLOGUE.

The story of the mountain people is a part of the history of this country. Their ancestors were among our best soldiers in the French and Indian wars. They were among the pioneers of liberty. They turned the tide of battle at Kings Mountain and Cowpens, making possible the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown and the independence of this nation.

While history is replete with records of their bravery and valor, while the names of Sevier, Campbell, Shelby, Boone are honored and remembered, it is a startling and pathetic fact that thousands and hundreds of thousands of descendants of the revolutionary patriots who fought with those leaders have been practically lost to the nation nearly two hundred years. And stranger still is the fact that the strong arm of the nation has not been stretched forth to rescue and conserve this valorous stock.

Of all the great waste of American wealth, the waste of her own men and women of the mountains is the most tragic. Without a thought to the conservation of the human resources of the Appalachians, this vast undeveloped asset has been neglected and forgotten except where the law has been broken.

If the facts and the results of cause and effect were carefully weighed a mighty responsibility would be found resting at the very door of this nation.

Isolation and poverty and lack of opportunity are strong forces for annulling the best instincts in hu-



mankind, and yet, though cut off from progress and education, and though "more destitute of all the opportunities that go with education than any other people of our race in the world," these people of the eighteenth century civilization still preserve many of the finest traits of the Anglo-Saxon race.

When America calls for aid, her mountaineers have been ever ready to respond with their valor, their blood, their all. The mountaineers now call to the nation for the rights that are their due,—enlightened citizenship and a chance to lift themselves from the darkness of long neglect and isolation.

A glimpse of our great Appalachians and its long lost people is picturesquely told in the following pageant of historic tableaux and symbolic figures.

## MOUNTAIN PAGEANT

—of—

HISTORIC TABLEAUX AND SYMBOLIC FIGURES.

MARTHA S. GIELOW.

*Program with Lines and Description.*SCENE I. *The Appalachians.*

This great Mountain Range is seen in all its wild grandeur. Caravans of Colonial families are seen passing along into the dark fastnesses. Men with guns, women with babies, and bundles, dogs, calves, sheep, etc. Indians are seen spying among the rocks and noting the trail.

SCENE II. *War Dance.*

Indians headed by Red Eagle in a war dance. Squaws and papooses take part and make wild gestures of angry threats to follow the caravans that have been seen passing into the mountains.

SCENE III. *Kings Mountain.*

A supposed review of its blood-stained battlefield by heroes of revolutionary fame. John Sevier, James Robertson, Isaac Shelby, George Rogers Clark, Andrew Jackson, and Daniel Boone.

A camp fire is burning and guards are standing at rest, the flag is flying from the point of a huge boulder towering above. The men are in eager conversation, noting positions and pointing to certain trees, blood-stained rocks, and other evidences of the late victorious conflict.

SCENE IV. *Washington Looking upon the Appalachians.*

Washington in picturesque prominence (alone or surrounded by his officers and aides) is seen in regimental costume standing with one foot resting on the base of a huge boulder. He looks out upon the mountains as if seeing the caravans of the hundreds of his heroic troops who have crossed with their families into the Appalachians starting in search of homes in the reputed fertile valleys beyond. He seems to feel the impending darkness that over-

shadows them. He is silent, but the reader of the prologue may be heard in sonorous tones to read the following lines which might supposedly be descriptive of the thoughts of the great General pondering over the recent historic battle and subsequent events and his fear for their safe exit from the mountains.

"I see the Mountains stand  
 Silent, wonderful and grand,"  
 Looking out upon the Nation  
 Where the golden light of God's creation  
 Smiles upon the freedom won,  
 By the stalwart mountain son.  
 When we called for reinforcement,  
 When our last resource was spent,  
 From yon hills heroic henchmen,  
 Rushed to aid our dying trenchmen,  
 And the battle all but lost  
 Soon was won—with bloody cost!  
 Appalachians, great and grand,  
 Mighty Monarchs of the land,  
 Thou didst answer to our call,  
 With thy sons, thy blood, thy all!  
 To thy mountain heroes brave,  
 Sleeping in a valley grave,  
 We do give thee grateful love,  
 Asking blessings from above,  
 On thy living sons, whose pride,  
 Is for those who bravely died.  
 Farewell brothers, comrades, friends,  
 Go and seek the valley plains,  
 Where 'tis said such plenty reigns.  
 Never may thy children fall,  
 Yet within yon granite wall,  
 Yet within yon wild bleak height,  
 Seems some long endarkened night!  
 But the soldier knows no fear,  
 And the Star of Hope seems near,  
 And the morning sun must rise,  
 Upon your mighty enterprise.  
 For you are men that "match our Mountains,"  
 You are men "that match our plains."  
 Men and women like the Highlands,  
 Where the Anglo-Saxon reigns!

CURTAIN.

SCENE V. *Shut-in Cabin Home.* (One-act scene.)

One-roomed, windowless mountain cabin, rock chimney, bare and bleak environment.

The mountain mother is sitting on a large rock holding her babe, surrounded by six or eight other children, variously occupied.

Old-fashioned weavings are hanging to air on the bushes and rocks. A spinning wheel is seen at the side of the cabin where one little child is playing with the threads.

Mother to one of the girls.

"Go pull in them thar kivers Randy, hit's er gotten plum damp." Randy pulls down the quilts and half drags them inside.

Mother to another girl.

"Fetch them sticks, Sary Ann, fer the fire." (Baby lifts up and looks.) Sary Ann goes to picking up sticks in a mountain bow basket. The older girl appears at the cabin door stirring up bread in a skillet. As she stands in the door, she calls:

"You, Billy, cum long here with that water."

Billy comes in from the rocks holding a long-neck gourd of water and proceeds to pour some in the skillet. The small children sitting on the rocks and dirt, poorly clad, look wistfully at the bread making. The old mountaineer father walks up with his long rifle, rests the gun against a tree, seats himself on the tree stump and makes ready to smoke his corn-cob pipe.

The Mother.

"Whar's Rotundy, Paw?"

Father.

"He's er cumin' Maw." Shakes his head reflectively and says:

"Roe's er plum sight on them books, sence the fotch-on teacher started that school in the bend."

Mother.

"Do tell! Kin he read yit?"

Father.

"Wal, mighty nigh! From the way he takes to it, he'll be er lookin' jest like them ole fighters what got lost er crossing these here mountings an' what left us these here old guns." (Fingers his rifle affectionately.) Looks up with a brave air, and says:

"Wal, the nation knows whar to look for fighters when fighters is needed, by Gosh!"

Rotundy, a long, lank mountain boy, comes up slinging a rabbit by the tail.

Mother.

"Lan' sakes er live, he's got er critter ef I'm in my skin! Whar'd you git im, Roe?"

Roe.

"Dad kotched him." (All the children gather round.) Roe pulls out some wild berries from his ragged shirt front, and pokes one in a kindly way to each child, then takes out a blue back spelling book, sprawls his legs, points at the words and begins—

"B-a, bay, b-e, be, b-i, by, b-o, bo."

Mother.

"Jest listen to that now! Do tell! What's that mean, Roe?"

Father (excitedly).

"Why hit's readin', Maw. Say it again, Roe. Praps hit'l splain hitself."

Roe (begins again).

"B-a, bay, b-e, be, b-i, by, b-o, bo." (Mother and father looking over his shoulder.)

Mother.

"Is hit the Bible, Roe?"

Roe.

"Wal not zackly, but hit's larnin', see here." (Begins again.)

"B-a, bay, b-e, be, b-i, by, b-o, bo."

Father.

"By Gosh! Ef that aint the quickest edycation I ever seed. Jes two days! By Gosh! Bring that jug, Randy."

Randy brings jug, they all drink. Night closes down, a torch is held in the door by the eldest girl, who says:

"Cum eat." They all pile in.

CURTAIN.

SCENE VI. *The Mountain Girl's Dream.*

Same typical mountain-cabin in foreground (like cabin picture). Family in evidence. The man and old woman on rock step smoking cob-pipes, children around. On a big rock off to itself sits a beautiful mountain girl of about thirteen years. She is thinking of all the traditions handed down by her people. She dreams of the outside world her people had left one hundred and fifty years before and longs for the light of learning and better living. The pent-up desires in her heart rush forth and she rises, still looking out across the impenetrable mountains, holding her arms out in supplication. The following lines are read by the prologue reader:

“I see the mountains stand,  
 Silent, wonderful and grand,  
 Looking out across the land  
 Where the golden light is falling  
 On distant dome and spire;  
 And I hear a low voice calling,  
 ‘Come up higher, come up higher  
 From the lowlands and the mire,  
 From the mist of earth desire,  
 From the vain pursuit of self,  
 From the altitude of self,  
 Come up higher, come up higher.’ ”  
 And the calling, echoes faintly,  
 Down the mountains to the plains.  
 Will it touch with pathos softly,  
 Thinking men of wealth and brains?  
 Will the call for light and learning,  
 From the hill-tops just above,  
 Where the mountain-child is yearning,  
 For a chance to live and love,  
 Ever reach with higher purpose,  
 Those within the nation bold  
 That can reach out and can rescue,  
 Wasted lives and human gold?  
 Let the bugle-note be sounded  
 For the conservation grand,  
 Of the men and of the women  
 In our own beloved land.

CURTAIN.

SCENE VII. *The Soul of the Mountains.*

Music is heard soft and weird. This scene represents the fulfilment of Washington's fears for his brave troops that have started over the Appalachians. In other words, it typifies the one hundred and fifty years of darkness and imprisonment of the thousands of people who were lost in trying to cross. Shut in by impassable boulders, forests and raging streams, they dreaded to continue and they feared to attempt to return. Camping to regain strength and courage they never passed on. One-room, windowless cabins were built by great labor, small tracts were cleared on the almost perpendicular hillsides for crops. Years came and went. By the world forgotten, the lost tribes of Colonial troops and their families fought for existence. Minus the ability to replenish their few tools and implements, cut off from aid, progress, education, and civilization they peopled the mountains and struggled for existence. With only the traditions and memories of the world beyond handed down by their heroic fathers and mothers, they hoped, yes, ever hoped for the light of the world to penetrate their darkness. Prospectors, trappers and missionaries began at last to seek out the mountain fastnesses. Railroads were nearing the golden hills containing the vast areas of material wealth and the unmined gold of America's human resources.

The scene is weird and mystical. The curtain rises. A blue hazy gloom envelopes the mountains, typifying the years of darkness to the people. A kneeling figure typifying the *soul* of the people, calling for light, is faintly seen in the blue misty gloom. A voice is heard to speak (the voice of



the figure, or it may be read by the unseen reader of the prologue and epilogues). Voice of the soul.)

Lost, lost within these granite walls,  
The Spirit for its freedom calls.  
One hundred years and more of strife,  
To keep within our bodies life.  
By the outside world forgot,  
Sore and sad our bitter lot,  
Now we to our nation call,  
Now upon our knees we fall  
Asking only to be led  
Out of darkness, out of dread,  
Out of ignorance, and its blight!

Curtain falls, then rises almost immediately; soft music is heard.

CURTAIN.

SCENE VIII. *Dawn.*

Same mountains, same misty light, but the sun typifying the dawn of educational light is seen just rising in a red glow over the mountains. Mountain sprites appear, symbolic figures of the material wealth and beauty, brought up in the rear by a typical nugget of human gold. Symbolic of the Nation's human resources and valuable, undeveloped human assets.

## PAGEANT OF MOUNTAIN SPRITES, MATERIAL AND HUMAN RESOURCES.

1. *Dance of the Fireflies.*

Enter these sprites of the mountains representing the golden fireflies that gem the mountains at night. Dressed in yellow gauze with wings and little flash lights in their hands, they flit about, make obeisance to the mountains and say (before they dance) :

"Hail, mountains, hail! We the gems that glow upon your breast at night must with the rising of thy sun take flight." Dance.

2. *Dewdrops.*

Figures in white gauze dotted with pearl beads, or isinglass. They make obeisance and before their misty dance, say :

"Hail, mountains, hail! We thy pearls of dew have watered well the tender grass and flowers, breathing perfume on thy rocks, thy woodland breast. Thy rising sun would dry our evening mist, till eve again, adieu, adieu!" Dance.

3. *Bluebells appear.*

"Hail, mountains, hail! The bluebells of thy bosom worn by lovers in the mountain glens, bring

thee greetings from lovers far and near; our emblem, gratitude, comes from those who bless thee for the blossoms blue that stand for hearts brave, warm and true; we nestle close, we would not hide, for lovers come where we abide." (Woodland fantasy dance.)

4. *Enter Arbutus.*

"Hail, mountains, hail!  
Lovingly we cling,  
Tenderly we sing,  
Upon thy rocky crest,  
Happily we smile,  
Perfuming all the while,  
Thy fragrant breast." Dance. And then cling to the rocks.

5. *Enter the Ferns.*

"Hail, mountains, hail!  
We deck the mossy banks of crystal streams,  
And festoon with our plumes thy naked rocks,  
Our emblem (fascination) we use,  
And serving all man-kind,  
By giving sweet joy and pleasure with our dainty frocks." Nestle among the rocks.

6. *The Violets.*

"Hail, mountains, hail!  
Of all thy flowers rare,  
The violet is most fair,  
Colored like the sky above,  
To represent undying love,  
We are for lovers true,  
We are of Heaven's blue,  
We stand for God and you."

7. *The Laurel or Bay appears.* Holding a laurel wreath towards the mountain.

"Hail, mountains, hail!

I, thy laurel, sweet and fair,

Do crown thee Monarch of all mountains rare.

Reverence and merit do I represent.

Appalachians, Appalachians! I crown thee with  
thy great reserves of gold and human wealth,  
the glory of our land." Nestles in the rocks.

8. *The Oak.*

"Hail, mountains, hail!

I the emblem of bravery do represent the soul of  
the mountain heroes brave, who from thy  
granite strongholds went to fill a valiant  
hero's grave."

(Stands against the rocks.)

9. *Enter the Pine.*

"Hail, mountains, hail!

My emblem is lofty patriotism.

I am but one of many of my kind that thou dost  
claim amongst the glories of the wealth of thy  
domain.

The products from my leaves, my burrs, my boughs,  
the floods of tar thou bleedest from my heart  
are thine, the loving products of thy Pine."

Nestles like the others among the rocks.

10. *The Rhododendron.* (Gorgeous pink.)

"Hail, mountains, hail!

We, the fair adornment of thy peaks and mighty  
hills,

Do bring thee words of praise from far and wide,  
For the glory of our beauty on the mountain side,"  
Nestles to rocks.

11. *The Minerals.* Symbolic of minerals and ores: coal, iron, silver and gold. This sprite is clad in bronze and gold, holding a waiter of minerals on her head.

"Hail, mountains, hail!

Thy flowers and thy timbers fair,

Are but as nothing to compare,

To all thy gold and minerals rare.

To the nation thou dost stand,

Silent, wonderful and grand!

Thy great resources now are known,

The dawn has come, the night has flown."

Kneels.

12. *The Human.*

The sun that has been gradually rising now lights up the rosy glow, it is now light. Following the last figure in the pageant this ragged, barefoot, un-combed child holding to the rocks, watching with eager eyes the receding pageant of the material resources, advances; she looks beseechingly at the figures, at the mountains, at the dawn, and in quaint imitation holds up her arms and says:

"Hail, mountains, hail!

What do we'uns be?

We-uns aint no flowers,

We-uns aint no trees,

No rocks, no gold,

We-uns air jest the humans,

In you-uns fold."

Kneels with arms outstretched towards the audience and continues to kneel there in silent supplication as the pageant of all the characters take places to form tableau. Soft music.

CURTAIN.

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